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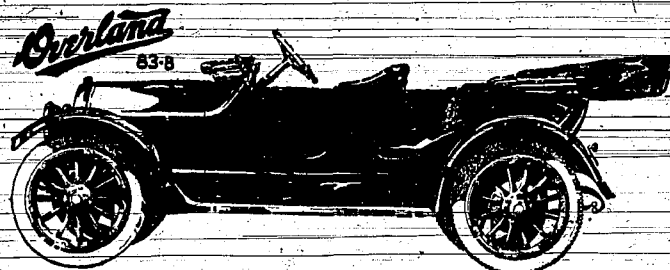
Hams and Bacon



The Most
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Milk's Market F. H. Milks
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Overland \$695
F. O. B. Toledo

FIVE PASSENGER
TOURING CAR

Model 83-B—35 H. P.

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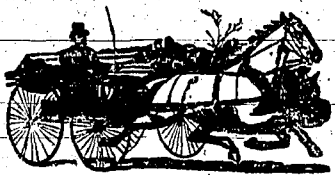
More than half the cars you see are "Fords." Over a million Ford cars are in use today, rendering efficient economical service under all kinds of conditions. 500,000 will be built and sold this year. Low price places it within your reach.

Touring Car \$440; Runabout \$390; Coupelet \$590; Town Car \$640; Sedan \$740, f. o. b., Detroit. For sale by

George Burke, Frederic, Mich.

Agent for Crawford and Northern Roscommon Counties

LIVERY & SALES STABLES



Prompt livery
service ready at
anytime.
Also heavy work.

Farms and Farm Lands and Village
Property For Sale.

N. P. Olson, Grayling

Phone No. 384

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Candidacy of Mr. A. Bates for Representative Indorsed.

The delegates to the Republican county convention assembled in the Court house at 2:00 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, and were called to order by Marius Hanson, chairman.

After the usual reading of the official convention call, the chairman was duly elected chairman of the meeting, and O. P. Schumann, secretary.

On motion the chairman duly appointed the following committees:

Credentialed: Allen B. Failing, James R. Kellogg and Edwin S. Chalker.

Order of business: John J. Niederer, Melvin A. Bates and Ernest P. Richardson.

Resolutions: Oscar Palmer, Chas. S. Barber and Ed. S. Houghton.

The reports of the various committees were read, accepted, adopted and placed on file.

The chairman appointed A. M. Lewis and Emil Kraus as tellers, and proceeded with the election of three delegates to the state and 10th district conventions to be held in Lansing, May 3.

The following gentlemen were duly elected: Oscar Palmer, Geo. L. Alexander and Thorwald W. Hanson.

Dr. O. Palmer gave an interesting talk on present day conditions of the Republican party and among the things he said, was that Crawford county had not been represented in the State legislature since the year 1884 (at this time Mr. Palmer himself was a member) and that every other county in the district had been represented.

He stated that thru the intercession of friends of Melvin A. Bates, of Grayling, that gentlemen had consented "to become a candidate." The following resolution was read into the records of the convention:

Resolved: By the delegates assembled at the regular Republican convention for Crawford county, that the candidacy of Rasmus Hanson as delegate to the National convention and the candidacy of Melvin A. Bates, of Grayling, for the office of Representative of this district in the State legislature be approved and that we pledge to them our united support during the campaign, and for the election.

O. Palmer, E. S. Houghton, C. S. Barber.

Those who know Mr. Bates feel that in him they have a man highly qualified to fill the office and a man who stands high in the estimation of all who know him, and that means almost every man, woman and child of Crawford county, and hundreds of friends throughout the district. It would not surprise us if Mr. Bates received every vote cast in Crawford county, regardless of any other candidate presented. If he don't get them all, there at least won't be many to count for any other fellow.

Mr. Bates has been a success in his private life and also made a success of every official position he has held. There isn't a single honest objection that can be raised against him in any particular. Now that we have the right man for the office, let's make his vote the largest ever recorded. Beat the record just as was done in his township election for supervisor.

Two Tracts of Timber Land To Be Opened.

Cheboygan, Mich., April 15.—A huge tract of virgin timber is to be opened up in Otsego and Montmorency counties this spring. The major portion of the tract is owned by Salling, Hanson Lumber company of Grayling, which has already commenced operations there. The Michigan Central will build a four-mile extension.

Another large timber tract to be operated this spring is located in the south end of Cheboygan county and will be reached by a two-mile extension of the Michigan Central Hackett branch. It is covered with hardwood and hemlock which has never been touched by a woodman's ax. This tract is owned and will be operated by Kneeland, Lundén & Bigelow, of Bay City. Bay City Times.

Jenson Co. Mill Starts Operations.

From Ewen Press.—The L. Jenson Company mill resumed operations yesterday after being closed down since last fall.

It had been thought that the high water in the river might hinder the mill from running, but as yet the water has not reached the danger point, and in fact, the last day or two has been lowering.

The Company expects that the mill will have a long steady run, as the outlook at present seems favorable.

Methodist Episcopal Church Notes.

Easter Sunday service at the Methodist Episcopal church. Special music by the choir. Special sermon by the pastor. Come fill the church on Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

The general public is cordially invited to inspect the new hotel, "Shoppington Inn," on Saturday afternoon, April 29th, from two to five o'clock. A buffet luncheon will be served gratis.

GRAYLING HOTEL, Co., Per T. W. Hanson, Sec'y.

PLAN ENTERTAINMENT.

Excursion To Grayling April 27th Will Be A Big Event.

So great is the enthusiasm manifested by the members of the Bay City Board of Commerce in the trip to Grayling and return Thursday, April 27th, it is feared accommodations cannot be made for all those who may desire to enjoy the excursion. The trip will be confined to members of the board and as the accommodations are limited and since it is necessary to notify the hotels at West Branch and Grayling before April 26th, with regard to the number in the party, those who wish to make the trip are requested to register with Secretary James C. McCabe without delay.

Steel vestibule coaches and first-class equipment will be provided. The coaches will be prettily decorated with flags and bunting. Signs reading "Bay City-Grayling Special" and "Bay City Board of Commerce" will appear on either side of the coaches.

At noon, lunch will be served at the hotel at West Branch.

While in Grayling the Board will be entertained by the Grayling Board of Trade. Automobile trips have been arranged to the State military encampment and to the State Fish hatchery. The new plant of the DuPont Powder company and the new High school will be inspected. At 6 o'clock a banquet will be served to the Bay City visitors at the new Hotel Shoppington Inn.

An interesting program of music and addresses by Bay City and Grayling citizens will close the day's festivities.

The Thirty-Third Regiment band, under the direction of Frank G. Walton, will accompany the members of the board and will play at each stop.

The special will leave Bay City, east side, 8:45 a. m. leave Bay City, west side, 8:50 a. m. arrive at West Branch 11:30, depart 12:30 (luncheon); arrive at Rosebush 1:20, depart 1:45; arrive at Grayling 2:10, returning leave Grayling 9 p. m., arriving at Bay City 11:30 p. m. No stops will be made on the return trip.

Each excursionist will be presented with an attractive button band with the words "Bay City" printed thereon. "Bay City Tribune."

DEPOT BURNED.

Vanderbilt Structure Again Meets Fate of the Flames.

A south bound train was endeavoring to clear for the midnight train about 12 o'clock Thursday night when in some manner the wrong switch was thrown and the train was backed swiftly into the switch leading up against the south end of the depot at Vanderbilt. The box cars didn't stop at the up-turned ends of the track, but went right on thru the depot, smashing things up generally and the building and cars were immediately set on fire from over turned stoves.

The depot together with all the contents including records and freight was burned, Eddie Dyer and Lee Young and a traveling man were in the men's room waiting for the midnight train. They were thrown about the room but escaped with few bruises. Several other Gaylord people were in the women's room but fortunately no one was seriously hurt. Gaylord Herald Times.

Scotch Eggs.

Boil six eggs for twenty minutes. Cook one-third cupful of stale bread crumbs in one-third cupful of milk until a smooth paste; add one cupful of lean cooked ham, chopped fine, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, red pepper to taste and one beaten egg. Remove the shells from the eggs, and cover each one with the mixture. Fry them in smoking hot fat for two minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce. These eggs are suitable for a cold picnic lunch. From The People's Home Journal for May.

Eighth Grade Examination.

The annual eighth grade examination will be held at Grayling and at Frederic on Thursday and Friday, May 11th and 12th, 1916, beginning at 8:30 o'clock each morning.

The questions on reading will be based on "The Birds of Spring" written by H. W. Longfellow.

Each applicant will be required to write the words to the first stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner" and all of "America" from memory.

One boy between 14 and 18 years of age will be given a free trip to the Michigan State Fair. This boy will be chosen from those having the highest average in the county eighth grade examination, and twenty agricultural questions to be answered during the examination. At least ten boys must in each county compete to entitle Crawford county to a representative.

Dated at Frederic, Mich., this 17th day of April, 1916.

Jas. A. KALAHAR
Com. of Schools.

Spring.

Spring is looked upon by many as the most delightful season of the year, but this cannot be said of the rheumatic. The cold and damp weather brings on rheumatic pains, which are anything but pleasant. They can be relieved, however, by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Obtainable everywhere.

Why Constipation Injures.

The bowels are the natural sewerage system of the body. When they become obstructed by constipation a part of the poisonous matter which they should carry off is absorbed into the system, making you feel dull and stupid, and interfering with the digestion and assimilation of food. This condition is quickly relieved by Chamberlain's Tablets. Obtainable everywhere.

Emil Kraus

Grayling's Leading
Dry Goods Store

Ladies' New Shoes

The ladies of Grayling will be pleased to learn that we are able to offer them shoes in the new popular "High cuts." We have them in the

New Brown and Gray Styles

You will be delighted with our new BRONZE SLIPPERS

Among the many other attractive articles that we have to offer are our

MIDDY BLOUSES and SHIRT WAISTS

Ladies' Silk Stockings

All plain colors and in two-tone colors

Spring Wash Goods

Spring Dress Goods

Men's New Spring Hats and Caps

MRS. E. N. SALLING PEACEFULLY PASSED AWAY FRIDAY.

Well Known and Greatly Beloved Woman Answers the Final Summons.

Chimes of a nearby church were tolling the hour of six, as Charlotte Anna Reed Wheeler Salling passed from this life at her home in Manistee Friday. With the approach of that peaceful hour of sundown, there ended a life of cheerfulness, activity and benevolence that has radiated a wide and constructive influence.

The shock of Mrs. Salling's death is emphasized by the suddenness of her passing. Although 70 years old, Mrs. Salling was very active, having maintained an energetic participation in social, religious and philanthropic activities. Early Friday afternoon, she was making preparations to attend a social affair that afternoon, and one of her maids wondering why she had stayed so long in the dressing room investigated and found her lying unconscious on the floor, where she had been stricken with paralysis. She was quickly removed to her room where she passed away a short time later.

Mrs. Salling was the widow of the late Ernest N. Salling who passed away July 25, 1909.

The late Mr. Salling, husband of the deceased had been in partnership in the firm Salling, Hanson Company for 35 years before his death.

Mr. Salling made frequent trips from Manistee to Grayling and on several occasions, Mrs. Salling accompanied him and was known almost to every family in the city, and had made many dear friends.

Victor Salling and Martin Peterson of this city are nephews of the deceased, the former's father being a brother of E. N. Salling, and the latter's mother a sister of E. N. Salling.

Tuesday morning Rasmus Hanson chartered a special train which left here at 7:00 for Manistee, carrying the relatives, who reside in this city, friends and business associates, who went to attend the funeral of Mrs. Salling. Those in the party included Mr. and Mrs. E. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bauman, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Salling, Mr. and Mrs. Lars Rasmussen, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rasmussen, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Peterson, Mrs. Chas. A. Tromble and Mr. Wilhelm Raas.

Mrs. Salling had many warm friends in Grayling and her death is keenly felt in this community. Out of respect for the dead lady the mills and stores of the Salling, Hanson Co. were closed during the afternoon of the funeral.

With the passing of Mrs. Salling, there survives but a single member, Mrs. Lorinda Wheeler of Chicago, of a family of eight children, all of whom had lived vigorous and constructive lives that reached into advanced years.

Three daughters survive: Mrs. Oren Hawes and Mrs. Fred Burden of Grosse Point Farms, Detroit, and Mrs. Elmer Cornwell of Saginaw, also the late Mrs. Harry Kanouse.

The funeral was held from the family residence Tuesday afternoon, at 2:00 o'clock and was largely attended.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it thru the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75 cents per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

For Sale.

Lots numbered five and six, on the northwest corner of block twenty-eight, Reelf's addition can be bought cheap for cash. A fine location.

A desirable lot for a dwelling in Brink's addition.

40 acres, one-half mile from the village, 7 acres in pasture, entire 40 fenced. About ten acres low land, balance good farming land; sawing timber removed. Price \$600.00.

10 acres improved land, all fenced nearly opposite town, one mile north of village; just right to be divided into large village lots for workmen in the mills and yards; and purchase can double his money. Can be bought for \$200.00.

O. Palmer.

MISSION

at St. Mary's Church

Grayling, Mich.

Rev. Father C. J. Kirkfleet

A Norbertine Missionary of DePere, Wis., will conduct a Mission in St. Mary's Church, Grayling, from

Sunday, April 30 and Ending May 7, 1916

Program of Mission

Sunday, April 30th, 10:15 a. m.—Opening Sermon at High Mass.

2:30 p. m.—Children's Hour.

7:30 p. m.—Mission Sermon and Benediction.

Monday, May 1 5 a. m., Low Mass and Short Instruction.

Tuesday, May 2 7 a. m., Low Mass and Short Instruction. School children please attend.

Wednesday, May 3 7 a. m., Low Mass and Short Instruction.

Thursday, May 4 7:30 p. m., Devotions, Mission Sermon and Benediction.

Friday, May 5 7:30 p. m., Devotions, Mission Sermon and Benediction.

Saturday, May 6 7:30 p. m., Devotions, Mission Sermon and Benediction.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1, 2 and 3, at 4:00 p. m. or immediately after school, instructions and sermon for children.

Sunday, May 7, 8:00 a. m., Low Mass and Sermon.

10:15 a. m., High Mass and Sermon.

7:30 p. m., Solemn Closing of Mission and Imparting of Papal Blessing.

One of the interesting features of the Mission will be the QUESTION BOX. Protestants and Catholics wishing information regarding Catholic doctrines, which they either do not understand or approve of, are cordially invited to deposit the questions or their objections in the box which will be found at the entrance of the church, and the Missionary Father will answer them before the sermon every night.

We extend a hearty invitation to all people regardless as to what denomination they may belong. Non-Catholics will receive as cordial a welcome as Catholics. Father Kirkfleet is a forceful speaker, will, by his eloquence amply repay you for the trouble you will experience in coming to the church, and will by his lucid explanations clear away many misunderstandings between Protestants and Catholics.

A Most Cordial Invitation is extended to all.

REV. JOHN J. RIESS, Rector.

St. Mary's Church, City.



Lilies for the Holy Easter Day



O EARTH, upon thy breast,
By the soft winds caress't,
Bring all thy blossoms forth in bright array,
From dusky wood and dell
Sweet herb and lily bell
To ornament his holy Easter Day.

OBSERVANCE OF EASTER SUNDAY

THE observance of Easter Sunday dates back to the founding of the early Christian church, in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus. It is generally believed by all Christians that Jesus was crucified on Friday and buried. The following Sunday certain women of Judea went to the tomb early in the morning to anoint his body.

Saturday was the Sabbath day of the Jews. That accounts for the delayed visit to the tomb. Jesus was buried so late Friday the women did not have time to anoint his body. As soon as day dawned that Sunday morning the women went to the tomb, and, according to sacred accounts, found Christ had gone.

The stone which sealed the mouth of the tomb was rolled away. At first they were filled with grief, believing his body was stolen. Then they remembered the words of their Master, that he would rise from the tomb the third day. His reappearance and assurance that all could conquer the grave was the cause of great rejoicing.

From the time of the flight of the children of Israel from Egypt, the Jews had observed the Passover to commemorate the night when the angel of death passed over the houses of the Hebrews and slew the first-born in the houses of the Egyptians. The feast of the Passover was being observed by the citizens of Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion. The followers of Christ continued to observe the feast of the Passover, but the observance took on a new meaning.

The exact time of the feast was not settled until the council of Nice, called by Emperor Constantine of Rome in the year 325. It was then decided that the feast should be observed the first Sunday after the first full moon after the spring equinox. The only great astronomical observatory in the world at that time was at Alexandria, Egypt. It was left to the astronomers there to determine when Easter should come.

The early Christians did not know the feast by the name of Easter. The name is of Saxon origin and came from the feast of the paschal lamb or the feast of the coming of spring of the Saxons.

Ostara, the goddess of spring of the Saxons, was worshiped in England and Germany before the first missionaries to the north of Europe brought the story of Christ. The Saxons, in accepting Christianity, continued to observe their old feast just as the Jewish Christians continued to observe the feast of the Passover. The missionaries persuaded the Saxons to accept the feast of the paschal lamb and simply change the name to that of the feast of Ostara, which later was Anglicized to Easter.

The egg was shown to typify life. As the chick lies imprisoned in the egg only to burst forth, so will our bodies lie in the tomb only to be resurrected at the call of God.

The hunting and eating of eggs is observed today in Persia and in other Asiatic lands where there is no Christianity, showing that the custom does not come with Christianity.

EASTER IN HEARTS OF MEN

Chain of Witnesses to the Resurrection Has Been Added to Throughout the Centuries.

CHRISt is risen! The choir sings about it. The preachers proclaim it. The multitudes believe it. Does it seem strange that because a small group of sad-eyed, discouraged men and women, almost two thousand years ago, suddenly came to believe that a man they had loved had returned to life after being executed on the cross, people should still believe it today? Nineteen centuries is a long time, and Palestine is far away. How is it that the belief of the first Christians has laid hold upon us?

It is not enough to explain it as an old tradition, handed down from generation to generation. If the experience of the apostles and the three Marys and the five hundred brethren to whom he made himself known were the only reason for keeping Easter, it is not probable that Easter would still be kept. Faith that is only handed on does not survive as this faith has survived. There must be another reason.

The other reason is that there never has been an age since that first Christian age until now when there were not among the people of the earth those to whom Christ had become a living person. The healing of the lame, the deaf, the blind, the dumb, and the leper have reached out to touch him, and they have touched him and been made whole again. Martyrs, stretched on the agonizing rack, have heard him. Other martyrs, bound among the burning fagots, have seen him in the fire. Tempted men have sought him in the hour of their temptation, and his arm has sustained them. Such as they do not need to be told that long ago, on a Sunday morning in the spring of the first century, the Easter story was born.

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The Easter egg also had its origin among non-Christians. The people of northern Europe hunted eggs in the springtime, believing that it was good luck to find them and eat them. Of course wild birds laid eggs only in the spring of the year. The Christian missionaries to our ancestors saw an opportunity to win men to a belief in Christianity by adopting the egg-hunting day and combining it with Easter.

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grave released him. They know that he is released, for he has become the living power of their lives.

When the eleven, after the tragic death of Judas, chose a twelfth apostle, they did so that he might become a witness with them of the resurrection. Since then, from all nations and tribes, a great company whom God alone can number has been added to the chain of witnesses. Daily their number is increased. Easter is Easter, not because Jesus rose long ago, but because Jesus still lives, and because there are among us those who know that he lives. Youth's Companion.

ALWAYS IN BALMY SUNSHINE

Climate of the Bermudas Makes the Islands Appear Much Like a Paradise on Earth.

Some famous writers have declared that the Isles of Bermuda are the remnants of the lost continent of Atlantis, now at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean.

From this premise has grown the legend that the fabled land was a place of perpetual sunshine, of luxurious ease for its inhabitants, of perpetual joy amid perennial flowers and abundant luscious fruit.

It was fair, perhaps, so to argue when the major premise had been balmy sunshine, and all the accompanying delights. The climate is delightful at all seasons; rarely does the thermometer go below 60 degrees in winter or above 80 degrees in summer. Vegetation is very rapid and the soil is clad in a perpetual mantle of green. On all sides, every bird of brilliant plumage—bright-red cardinal, birds of blue, and a vivid hue unknown to our more somber clime; fishes of equal brightness—shad and fantastic forms—bright flowers past all belief. Oleander hedges line every roadside in bloom the year round. Stately palms of many species, the broad leaves of the banana and plantain, the great spikes of the Spanish bayonet, huge aloes, the spreading fans of the palmetto, and many other tropical trees and shrubs abound on every side.

On Easter eve everyone goes to the midnight mass, and there every thing that is used for food in Russia receives a blessing from the priests—the orchards for fruit, the rivers for fish, the crops, etc.

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The Little French Girl

Dorothy Blackmore

RAYMONDE ROUSSEAU was a frail, pretty little French artist who lived in a tiny studio in a great building. She made her living by painting wonderful water-color dance orders, dinner cards, holiday greetings, and fanciful conceits for social entertainments of all sorts. Also, she added to her income by singing in the choir of a big church.

Until the European War had broken out Raymonde's brother, Jacques, had lived with her, but when his country entered the conflict he was called to join his colors. Raymonde cried for days after his brother sailed for France, but she knew she would have been ashamed of Jacques had he been unwilling to go.

The approach of Easter brought much work to Raymonde, and the lights in her studio burned late every night as she sat over her desk, painting water colors. She looked very much like a French print herself in the quaint costumes she always designed for her own wear. Her straight, black

never have reached you," he said kindly. "But why?" she asked, in agonized tones and pushing back the straightened wisps of hair. "The reports haven't been confirmed, or you would have heard," he said.

The girls helped her to become calm and comfortable again, and though she sat through the rehearsal she was unable to bring a note from her throat for the lump that seemed to be choking her.

"You'll let me walk home with you tonight, please?" asked Trenton Knox gently.

Raymonde smiled, a wan little smile, and there was none of the usual sparkle in her brown eyes. "It would be so good of you—I have been foolish and weak to faint, but I—"

"You have been overdoing it and you look as if you hadn't taken time to rest and eat," the big tenor said, as he guided her from the church.

On the way home they stopped and had a bite of supper in a quiet restaurant near Raymonde's studio, and there, out of sheer weakness, she permitted her tall, reserved, to drop before the man who had always been so kind to her.

As they walked around the corner to the studio building she leaned on his arm and he felt as if he could never leave her alone again.

The elevator boy, handed her a message. She took it with trembling hands. Gently but firmly Trenton took it from her. He saw that it was a transatlantic cable. "When we get upstairs we'll open it," he said.

And it was he, not Raymonde, who tore it open and read the words: "Jacques wounded, but safe at home. Love." It was unsigned, but Raymonde knew it was from her family and she knew, too, that they realized that she might have received the paper with the awful mistake printed in it.

"I felt as if I could not open it," she said to Trenton as she sank into a studio chair by the small hard-wood fire she always kept burning. "You are so good to me."

"Good? Good?" he said. And then after a minute in which he seemed to be pondering his subject, "Raymonde, won't you let me take care of you? I see tonight how much you need some one, and I—love you? I have loved you for long, but you never let me tell you so till now."

Tears streamed down the little French girl's pale cheeks. The night's tumult of emotions had been too much for her.

hair and her ivory skin and scarlet lips made her a conspicuous beauty anywhere. Added to her more than attractive taste in dress made her more than attractive.

Perhaps it was her continental manner, perhaps merely her natural diffidence, that made her difficult of approach. But she was admired by everyone who came in contact with her, and in the choir where she sang she had many friends even though she did not perhaps realize it.

Choir rehearsals for Easter music made her attendance necessary, and she found herself hurrying from her studio to the church without taking proper time to eat nourishing meals. Raymonde was very conscientious and she did not want to neglect either her painting or her choir work.

It was the week before Palm Sunday and Easter day that found the little French girl nearly exhausted. A boat had arrived bringing her letters and papers from her home in the suburbs of Paris. She picked up her mail and went to church for a rehearsal without so much as getting a bite of dinner. She reared being late and conspicuous in entering the choir stalls.

Instead of being late, Raymonde found herself there before any of the others, and she was glad of a few quiet moments in which to read her mail. She looked at her home letters, and then opened up a newspaper from the suburb in which she lived. Her face suddenly became as set as the face of an ivory image—she had seen her brother's name among the list of soldiers who had failed to return with their regiments.

"Jacques! Jacques!" she breathed, just as a merry group of choristers came upon her in the dimly lighted church.

"Why—it's little Miss Rousseau!" "She's faint!"

One of the girls bent over her and, as they laid her on the broad church seat and administered restoratives, a man, who had taken more than a passing interest in the little French girl and knew something of her life, picked up the paper she had dropped from her hand.

"It's her brother—he's among those reported dead in battle. Poor little girl!" Trenton Knox had always felt a sort of indefinable sympathy for the little soprano.

Raymonde opened her eyes. "It—it can't be true—can it?" she asked, searching the faces of those about her, pitifully.

Trenton Knox bent over her. "This paper is two weeks old—it should

for her overwrought nerves. 'I've felt so—so different from you all,' she managed to say. "So—so alone!"

Trenton leaned over her. "Don't say alone again, Raymonde—if you love me."

"Oh," she breathed, "I do—I do." "And you'll marry me after Easter and we'll have the whole blessed choir

Raymonde smiled, a wan little smile, and there was none of the usual sparkle in her brown eyes. "It would be so good of you—I have been foolish and weak to faint, but I—"

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"Good? Good?" he said. And then after a minute in which he seemed to be pondering his subject, "Raymonde, won't you let me take care of you? I see tonight how much you need some one, and I—love you? I have loved you for long, but you never let me tell you so till now."

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Perhaps it was her continental manner, perhaps merely her natural diffidence, that made her difficult of approach. But she was admired by everyone who came in contact with her, and in the choir where she sang she had many friends even though she did not perhaps realize it.

Choir rehearsals for Easter music made her attendance necessary, and she found herself hurrying from her studio to the church without taking proper time to eat nourishing meals. Raymonde was very conscientious and she did not want to neglect either her painting or her choir work.

It was the week before Palm Sunday and Easter day that found the little French girl nearly exhausted. A boat had arrived bringing her letters and papers from her home in the suburbs of Paris. She picked up her mail and went to church for a rehearsal without so much as getting a bite of dinner. She reared being late and conspicuous in entering the choir stalls.

Instead of being late, Raymonde found herself there before any of the others, and she was glad of a few quiet moments in which to read her mail. She looked at her home letters, and then opened up a newspaper from the suburb in which she lived. Her face suddenly became as set as the face of an ivory image—she had seen her brother's name among the list of soldiers who had failed to return with their regiments.

"Jacques! Jacques!" she breathed, just as a merry group of choristers came upon her in the dimly lighted church.

"Why—it's little Miss Rousseau!" "She's faint!"

One of the girls bent over her and, as they laid her on the broad church seat and administered restoratives, a man, who had taken more than a passing interest in the little French girl and knew something of her life, picked up the paper she had dropped from her hand.

"It's her brother—he's among those reported dead in battle. Poor little girl!" Trenton Knox had always felt a sort of indefinable sympathy for the little soprano.

Raymonde opened her eyes. "It—it can't be true—can it?" she asked, searching the faces of those about her, pitifully.

Trenton Knox bent over her. "This paper is two weeks old—it should

for her overwrought nerves. 'I've felt so—so different from you all,' she managed to say. "So—so alone!"

Trenton leaned over her. "Don't say alone again, Raymonde—if you love me."

"Oh," she breathed, "I do—I do." "And you'll marry me after Easter and we'll have the whole blessed choir

Raymonde smiled, a wan little smile, and there was none of the usual sparkle in her brown eyes. "It would be so good of you—I have been foolish and weak to faint, but I—"

"You have been overdoing it and you look as if you hadn't taken time to rest and eat," the big tenor said, as he guided her from the church.

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Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can't get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

Adv.

She doesn't seem to mind the subway crush at all. Crowds never bother her a bit.

"No wonder! Her ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of J. C. FLETCHER.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Power of Lightning

Lightning has been proved to have struck a building with a force equal to more than 12,000 horse power. A single horse power, in mechanical calculation, is equivalent to raising a weight of 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. The force of lightning, therefore, has been proved to be equal to the raising of 33,000,000 pounds one foot in a minute. This is equal to the united power of 12 of our largest steamers, having collectively 24 engines of 500-horse power each. The velocity of electricity is so great that it would travel round the world eight times in a second.

Envious

"Do your teeth ever ache?" asked little Walter as he watched his grandmother take her false teeth out.

"Why, no, of course they don't," Walter's mother replied. "Those are false teeth."

"I wish I had that kind," said the boy. "When I could eat all the candy I wanted to."

Naturally Would

"Yes," said the content old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed a listener. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," was the reply. "That was what made them wild."

GOOD REPORT

Physicians know that good food and drink, properly selected, are of the utmost importance, not only for the relief of disease but to maintain health even when one is well.

A doctor writes, "I cannot find a pleasure to say a good word for Postum with which I have been enabled to relieve so many sufferers, and which I count with its valued companion Grape-Nuts, one of the daily blessings."

"Coffee was banished from my own table some time ago and Postum used regularly in its place." (Coffee is injurious to many persons, because it contains the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

I frequently find it necessary to instruct patients when they take Postum for the first time to be quite sure that it is properly made according to directions, then it has a clear, appealing color and a rich, snappy taste, as well as health giving qualities.

At Your Service

Our Modern, Well Organized and Carefully Stocked Prescription Department.

Physicians, nurses and patrons favorably comment on our careful work and prompt deliveries.



We handle the celebrated

Gilbert and Liggett & Johnson Line of Candies

Guaranteed Pure and Fresh.

A. M. LEWIS, YOUR DRUGGIST

Local News

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APRIL 20

Henry Joseph visited friends in Saginaw over Sunday.

Mrs. Christine Ness spent the latter part of last week in Saginaw.

Easter cards now on display—a fine selection. Sorenson Bros. 3-23-ff. Some new glasses for Easter? Just the thing. Get them at Hathaway's.

Mrs. J. E. Crowley, was in Saginaw first of the week to purchase millinery supplies.

There will be services in the Danish Lutheran church, Thursday and Friday of this week.

You may be next! Why don't you buy some fire insurance?

GEO. L. ALEXANDER & SON.

Mrs. H. Swafield and son, Harold, spent several days in Bay City visiting friends, returning Monday afternoon.

At their April meeting in Gaylord last week the Board of Supervisors granted permission to maintain a tennis court in the court yard.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Missionary society of the M. E. church will be held Friday afternoon, April 21st at the home of Mrs. Heath, L. C. Nielson, Sec'y.

Miss Emma Sherman of Maple Forest has accepted a position to teach in the Sergeant District school in Marquette township near Roscommon, commencing her duties last Monday morning.

Mrs. A. D. Wayne of Roscommon, mother of Mrs. Wm. Smith, who was very seriously ill at her home passed away last week. Mrs. Smith, who resides in this city was in attendance at the funeral.

Hugh Oaks of Flint is in the city. Girl wanted for general housework. Inquire at Avalanche office.

Hot Cross buns at the Model Bakery tomorrow (Good Friday.)

Mrs. Andrew Anderson left yesterday for Saginaw to spend Easter with relatives.

Mrs. C. T. Jerome and Mrs. C. A. Canfield have been spending a few days in Bay City.

J. A. Holliday has joined our list of advertisers with a fine series of Foot Rest hosiery advertisements.

You will need some bright snappy jewelry to go with your new Easter togs. Hathaway's is the place to get it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Johnson and daughter of Vanderbilt were visiting friends in the city the for part of the week.

All Rebecca ladies are requested to meet at the home of Mrs. Nelson Corwin, next Wednesday afternoon, April 26 at 2:00 o'clock, to sew for the coming fair.

Sheriff Wm. H. Cody and Under-sheriff C. C. Fehr were in Ionia last Friday to deliver Jerry Thomas and William Irish, prisoners convicted at the last term of court.

Just what you have been looking for—my big spring announcement. See my ad on the last page. You will find here just what you have been looking for, believe me. Frank Dresser.

Sheriff Cody isn't letting any dirt accumulate in the down town streets just as long as he has any boarders in jail. His ideas of keeping prisoners at work are meeting with strong approval.

Henry DeWaele and family have moved into the Alanzo Collier house on Peninsula avenue. J. Meade and family of Waters, have moved into the Overton residence, lately vacated by Mr. DeWaele.

Mrs. Nathan Smith of Detroit, who is visiting her parents at Frederic for a couple of weeks, spent Tuesday and Wednesday here visiting friends. Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Leona King of Lovells.

A committee of the M. E. church will conduct a campaign for raising funds for building a new church. The committee will start to work at once and hope to get financial and moral assistance from every citizen.

Attention auto owners! The laws requiring the use of front and rear lights and also speed laws are to be strictly enforced in Grayling during this season, without fear or favor. Mr. Brenner, Constable.

At the Danish Lutheran church last Sunday morning, the rite of confirmation was administered to a class of six, being composed of the following: Elvira Rasmussen, Margaret Nelson, Anna Peterson, Inger Hanson, Elmer Jorgenson, and Harry Cook. Before the confirmation services Rev. Kjellberg delivered a very interesting sermon to a large congregation.

It is estimated that over 12,000,000 automobile tires are consumed in a year. Of this number, despite the fact that 200 tire makers now in existence, the Goodrich factories in 1915 produced nearly 3,000,000. "Probably 75% of the tires that go to the scrap pile prematurely," states The Goodrich Magazine. "Have been weakened thru under inflation or overloading."

Wednesday, April 26th, is scheduled to be a big day in Odd Fellowship in Roscommon. Plans are now being laid to fittingly commemorate the anniversary of the order. The lodge from Grayling, West Branch and Mio will be invited to attend. All members of the local order are requested to attend the regular meeting next Wednesday evening to complete the arrangements. Roscommon Herald News.

Maple Forest township is experiencing a period of boom. It is reported that there isn't a vacant farm in that township at present. Four new families are moving here from near Rochester, Mich., and will take up farms. Practically every home there is equipped with telephone service. The people of that township are to be congratulated on their enterprise. Most of the Beaver Creek Township homes are also enjoying telephone service.

Last Tuesday occurred the graduation exercises of the Harper Hospital Training school in Detroit, and among the graduates was Miss Bertha Woodburn, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Woodburn, who formerly resided here. Mrs. Woodburn is well and favorably known in Grayling, and her many friends congratulate her on her grand success. Mrs. Woodburn, who spent the winter with her son, Earl and wife in Indianapolis, Ind., was present on the occasion.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade will be held at Sorenson's store Monday evening, April 24 at 8:00 o'clock. A full attendance is desired as business of importance is to come before the meeting. If all members, who are in arrears, will kindly step into my store and attend to the payment of their dues it will lighten the work of the secretary considerably. A directors meeting is called to be held immediately after the close of the regular.

C. J. Hathaway, Sec'y.

Mrs. Wm. Feldhauser, of Maple Forest, was in the city last week and left at this office a specimen of parsnips raised on their farm. It was one that the lady said she picked up at random from a six bushel lot and it measured 12 inches in length and 1 1/4 inches in circumference at the top. The six bushels were harvested from four rows less than 20 feet long. This is a fine yield and we would like to see any other part of the state match it. Among the best farms in Crawford county are some of these in Maple Forest township.

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The County Board of Supervisors met at the court house Tuesday afternoon for organization and business. After calling to order, Charles Crayen of Frederic, was elected temporary chairman and Melvin A. Bates, of Grayling, permanent chairman. Mr. Bates, in a pleasing manner thanked the members of the Board for the honor conferred upon him, and manifested an earnest desire for harmony and constructive legislation, coupled with judgment and economy. The members of the present board consists of M. A. Bates, Grayling, chairman; Frank E. Love, Beaver Creek; Charles Craven, Frederic; James E. Kellogg; Lovells; Elmer Head, South Branch and Edwin S. Chalker, Maple Forest. The board completed their business in a day and a half and adjourned Wednesday night. The proceedings of the Board will be published in our next issue.

You are invited to the wedding. Charles Hewitt, who is attending High school in Bay City is spending a week's vacation at his home here.

H. H. Woodruff, attorney of Roscommon, was in the city between trains on legal business yesterday.

Miss Gladys Everett is entertaining her two nephews, Messrs. Frank and Allen Withee of Detroit, this week.

Have you not your ticket for the Masouie ball that is to be held at the school gymnasium next week Wednesday night?

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rasmussen visited relatives and friends here Tuesday enroute from Detroit to Johannesburg to visit the former's parents.

The home of Jerry LaMotte caught fire last Friday night from an overheated stove. The loss was not very great and was covered by insurance.

Miss Isa Granger was hostess to a very pretty birthday party last Saturday afternoon. Games were played, after which a delicious luncheon was served. The guests departed voting Miss Isa, a pleasant entertainer.

At the last quarterly meeting of the Danish Lutheran congregation held at Daneshall hall, L. C. Hunsgaard, gymnastic instructor, was elected delegate to the convention of the Danish Lutheran churches of America to be held in Newell, Iowa, sometime in June.

While at Grayling last week E. A. McGeorge visited the Fish hatchery there, and became much interested in it. This hatchery is owned by a club, and is doing good work in propagating fish for the streams in this part of the state. An allotment of 35 shares of \$10 each was made for Gladwin, which are being taken by local sportsmen. Gladwin Record.

Miss Johanna Henriksen was hostess to the Danish Young People's society at her home last Thursday evening. Also at this time her brother, Harry, entertained the members of his Confirmation class, Rev. and Mrs. Kjellberg also being present. After a pleasant social time, the guests were invited to the dining room to partake of a delicious luncheon, which had been prepared by the hostess. Pink and white carnations graced the tables and were after given to the guests as favors.

Charles DeWaele of the firm of DeWaele & Son, has given up his business here and accepted a position of assistant cashier in the State bank at Roscommon. Mr. and Mrs. DeWaele left last week to take up their home in that town. Hence DeWaele, the senior owner of the local business, will conduct the business alone. It is with exceeding regret that Grayling has to lose Mr. and Mrs. DeWaele. Their brief stay among us has gained for them many warm friends and in their leaving we lose an enterprising and capable young business man.

Thru the courtesy of a public spirited lady, who prefers that her name not be used, a standard reference work of six volumes, valued at \$22.00, has been furnished and offered as a spelling contest prize, open to all schools of this county except Grayling and Frederic. The final contest will be conducted in the Grayling school building, Saturday May 20th. School Commissioner James A. Kahar has notified by mail all schools of the county, giving full particulars and urges all to enter the contest. This should be a prize well worth working for and the effort a crowd one even for those who lose.

Almost the first resorters to arrive in Grayling this season were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Payson, who arrived last Friday from Toledo and are now at their cottage a few miles down the main stream of the AuSable. Mr. and Mrs. Payson annually spend their summers here, and we almost begin to feel that they are regular residents. Frank Calkins was the first arrival and he immediately opened his cozy cottage, also on the main stream, and is enjoying the comforts of the wilds in the region of the Recreation club. Mr. Calkins had spent the winter in Mississippi, Alabama, Florida and Georgia. "Welcome to our city."

There is a spirited strife on between the Plankton Company of Milwaukee and the Hammond-Standish Company of Detroit as to the superiority of their hams. Both claim to produce the best hams in the world. To settle the question in the minds of the Grayling people, each company has contributed two hams to the Milk market, where a slice of each will be given away, as long as they last, to the lovers of good meat with the understanding that they report their choice, after a test on their table, as to which they like best.

The answers must be filed at the Milk market, or at the Avalanche office and will be published in this paper next week.

EASTER SUNDAY APRIL 23rd

Everybody wants to be well dressed on Easter Sunday, the beginning of Spring. Smart Spring Wearables for every member of the family. Our store is full of the new things you will want for Easter and Spring wear.

Late Styles in Women's, Men's and Children's Shoes.

See window for new styles in High Tops.

Our racks are full of Spring Suits for men and young men.

\$8.50 to \$20.00

New Silk HOSE

New Silk GLOVES

Ladies' Coats are in the very new styles for Spring wear.

A Big Selection of Waists and Dresses.

New Hats and Caps, all the latest styles are here for man or boy.



Visit our Millinery Department and see the late styles for Easter

Grayling Mercantile Co.

"The Quality Store."

EASTER GREETINGS

FRESH GREEN VEGETABLES FOR EASTER:

Lettuce
Tomatoes
Radishes
Cucumbers
Rhubarb
Celery
Asparagus
Sweet Potatoes
Strawberries



We are going to make a special sale on picnic hams to go with the strictly fresh eggs you can also get here at the lowest market price.

P. S.—Saturday, April 22, we are going to give away the gold watch to the boy or girl having the most votes from Pioneer and Pride of Holland coffee. Watch next week's paper for the standing of the children and get busy and help your favorite child win the gold watch.

H. PETERSEN, The store that gives Quality, Service & Price

We Carry Everything in the Grocery Line

We feel that every customer who leaves our store pleased is the Best Advertisement we can receive.

We Have Scores of Pleased Customers in Town

If you trade with us once you will come again

TRY US

DeWaele & Son

GROCERS

The Home of Good Things to Eat

FLOWERS FOR EASTER

Cut Flowers

Carnations	\$1.00 per dozen
Sweet Peas	.20 "
Primroses	.20 "
Snappedragons	1.25 "
Pansies	.25 "

Plants

Easter Lilies	20c and 25c per flower
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THE LONE WOLF

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

For the present, however, Lanyard wasn't taking any. He met that challenge with a look of blank noncomprehension, folded his arms, lounged against the desk, and watched Mme. Omber acknowledge none too cordially the sergeant's query.

"I am Mme. Omber—yes. What can I do for you?"

The sergeant gaped.

"Pardon!" she stammered, then laughed as one who tardily appreciates a joke. "It is well—we are here in time, madame," he added, "though it would seem you have not had great trouble with this miscreant. Where is the woman?"

He moved a pace toward Lanyard—handcuffs jingled in his grasp.

"A moment, if you please," madame interposed. "Woman? What woman?"

Pausing, the sergeant explained in a tone of surprise.

"His accomplice, naturally. Such were our instructions—to proceed at once to madame's home, enter quietly by way of the servants' entrance—which would be open—and arrest a burglar with his female accomplice."

Again the stout sergeant moved toward Lanyard, again Mme. Omber stopped him.

"One moment, if you please!"

Her eyes, dense with mystification and suspicion, questioned Lanyard's who, with a significant nod toward the jewel case still in her hands, gave her a look of dumb entreaty.

After brief hesitation, "It is a mistake," madame declared, "there is no woman in this house that I know of who has no right to be here. But you say you received a message? I sent none."

The fat sergeant shrugged. "That is not for me to dispute, madame. I have only my information to go by."

He glared sullenly at Lanyard, who returned a placid smile which bespoke what little hope was to be derived from madame's irresolute manner. Masked a vast amount of indignation. He felt tolerably sure Mme. Omber had not summoned the police on prior knowledge of his presence in the library. This meant, then, a new form of attack on the part of the Pack. He must certainly have been followed—or else the girl had been caught attempting to steal away and the information extracted from her by force majeure. Moreover, he could hear two more pairs of feet tramping through the salons.

Pending the introduction of these last Mme. Omber said nothing more.

And unconsciously enough, the newcomers shouldered their way into the library—two men in citizen's clothing—one pompous body of otherwise undistinguished appearance, promptly identified by the sergeants de ville as the commissaire of that quarter, the other, a puffy mediocrity, known to Lanyard at least (if no one else seemed to recognize him) as Popinot.

At this confirmation of his darkest fears the adventurer abandoned hope of any aid from Mme. Omber and began to take things into his own hands, his chances of escaping by his own efforts.

But he was altogether unarmed, thanks to his precipitate action in drawing the teeth of madame's revolver, and the odds were heavy—four against one, all four no doubt under arms, and two at least the sergeants de ville—men of sound military training.

"Mme. Omber?" inquired the commissaire, saluting that lady with immense dignity. "One trusts that this intrusion may be pardoned, the circumstances remembered. In an affair of this nature, involving this repository of so historic treasures."

"That is quite well understood, monsieur le commissaire," madame replied distantly. "And this monsieur is, no doubt, your aid."

"Pardon!" Monsieur le commissaire hastened to make his companion known. "M. Popinot, agent de la surete, who lays these informations."

With a prominent bow to Mme. Omber, Popinot strode dramatically over to face Lanyard and explore his lineaments with his small, keen, shifty eyes of a pig—a scrutiny which the adventurer suffered with superficial imperturbability.

"It is he!" Popinot announced with a gesture. "Messieurs, I call upon you to arrest this man, M. Michel Lanyard, self-styled the Lone Wolf."

He stepped back a pace, expanding his chest in a vain effort to eclipse his abdomen, and glanced round triumphantly at his respectful auditors.

"Accused," he added with intense relish, "of the murder of Inspector Roddy of Scotland Yard at Troyon's, and of setting fire to that establishment."

"For this, Popinot," Lanyard interrupted in an undertone, "I shall some time cut off your ears!" He turned to Mme. Omber. "Accept, if you please, madame, my sincere regrets—but this accusation happens to be one of which I am altogether innocent."

Instantly, from his passive pose, Lanyard straightened up, and the heavy brass and mahogany humidor whereon his right hand had been resting seemed fairly to leap from its place on the desk as, with a sweep of his arm, he sent it spinning point-blank at the younger sergeant.

Before that one, wholly unprepared, could more than gasp, it caught him a blow like a kick just below the breastbone. He recoiled, and the breath-left him in one mighty gust; he sat down abruptly—blue eyes wide with a look of aggrieved surprise—clapped both hands to his middle, blinked, turned pale, and Lanyard hadn't waited to see the result. He was too busy. The fat sergeant, with a snarl, had leaped upon

him and was struggling to hold it still long enough to snap a handcuff round the wrist, while the commissaire had started with a bellow of rage and two hands extended, itching, for the adventurer's throat.

The first received a half-arm jab on the point of his chin that jarred his teeth, and without in the least understanding how it happened, found himself being whirled around and laid prostrate in the commissaire's path. The latter tripped, fell, and planted two hard knees, with the bulk of his weight atop them, on the zenith of the sergeant's roundity.

At the same time Lanyard, leaping toward the doorway, noticed that Popinot was tugging at a revolver in his hip pocket.

Followed a vivid flash, then complete darkness, with a well-aimed kick—an elementary movement of la savate Lanyard had dislodged the light switch, knocking its porcelain box from the wall, thus breaking the connection and causing a short circuit which extinguished every light in the house.

With his way thus apparently cleared, the police in confusion, darkness abetting him, Lanyard plunged on, but in midstride, as he crossed the threshold, his ankle was caught and jerked from under him by the still protruding younger sergeant.

For the next minute or two Lanyard fought blindly, madly, viciously, striking and kicking at random.

Then, free, he made off, running, stumbling, feeling, gained the reception hall, hung open the door, and loosed the pocket who had fired at him from below the window, threw himself bodily down the stairs and away.

Three shots sped him through that intricate tangle of the night-bound dark. But all flew wide, and the pursuer, what little there was—blundered at haphazard and lost itself.

He came to the wall, crept along in shadow of its deeper shadow until he found a trap with a low window, then that jutted out over the street, climbed that, edged outward, and dropped to the sidewalk.

A shout from the direction of the nearest gate greeted his appearance. He turned and dashed off—running feet for a time pursued him, and once he heard the rumble of a motor, but he recovered quickly, regained his wind, and ran well, with long, steady, ground-consuming strides, and doubled, turned, and twisted in a manner to wake the envy of the most supple fox.

The pursuit failed once more. In time he felt warranted in stowing down to a rapid walk.

Weariness was now a heavy burden upon him, and his spirit numbed with desperate desire for rest; but his pace did not flag nor his purpose falter until he was alone.

It was a long walk to which he set himself, and as soon as he felt confident of freedom from espionage, a direct one. He plodded without faltering to the one place where he could feel sure of finding his beloved, if she lived and were free. He knew that she had not been forgotten, and in his heart he knew that she would never again be his own.

Nor had she, when weary and spent from that heart-breaking climb up the merciless activity of the fluted Montmarre—he staggered rather than walked past the sleepy verges and found his way through the crowding shadows to the softly luminous heart of the cathedral of the Sacre-Coeur, and found her kneeling, her head bent upon hands resting across the back of the little chair before her, a slight and timid figure lost and lonely in the long ranks of empty chairs that filled the body of the nave.

Slowly, almost fearfully, he went to her, and silently slipped into the chair by her side.

She knew, without looking up, that it was he.

After a little her hand stole out to his, closed round his fingers and drew him forward with a gentle, insistent pressure. He knelt then with her, hand in hand—filled with the wonder of it, that he to whom religion had been nothing should have been brought to this by the magic of a woman's love.

He knelt for a long time, for many minutes, his somber gaze questioning

the golden shadows and the ancient mystery of the farther choir and distant shining altar—and there was no more doubt in his heart but that, whatever should ensue of this, the restless spirit of the Lone Wolf was laid at last.

But in time he remembered how urgent was their plight; and remembering, found courage to break in upon her devotions.

"We must go," he said gently. "We haven't much time, and we must live to see another sundown. I think that will be all right—I've a standing arrangement with the minister of war."

She rose quietly, with a serenely radiant face.

"I knew you would be here," he said slowly—"I knew it well."

"I knew you would come here for me," she told him in turn—"I knew you must. I was praying that you might be spared to me, my dearest."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Wings of the Morning.

About half past six Lanyard left the dressing room assigned him in the barracks at Fort Aviation and, wadding quantities in the heavy wind-proof garments provided at the instance of Ducroy, made his way between two hangars to the practice field.

Saw the eastern skies were pulsing fitfully with promise of dawn; but within the vast inclosure of the aerodrome, the dawn of night lingered, and the glow of the sun, as if from those engaged in tuning up the motor of the Parrott-biplane.

In their intense, white concentrated glare—that rippled oddly upon the wrinkled, oily garments of the dozen or so mechanics busy about the machine—the under-sides of those wide, motionless planes, hung against the dark with an effect of impermanence, as though they were already adrift and needed but a breath to send them winging skyward.

At one side a number of young and keener Frenchmen, officers of the corps, were lounging, overlooking the preparations with alert and intelligent interest.

On the other, all the majesty of Mars was incarnate in the round person of M. Ducroy, posing valiantly in full dress coat and shining top-hat while he clattered with an officer of tall, athletic figure who wore an air of uncommon efficiency together with his aviator's uniform.

As Lanyard drew near, this man brought his boots together smartly, saluted the minister of war and strode off toward the flying machine.

"Captain Vaquelin informs me he will be ready to start in five minutes, monsieur," Ducroy announced. "You are just in time."

"And mademoiselle?" the adventurer asked, peering anxiously around.

Almost immediately the girl came forward from the shadows with a smile apologetic for the strangeness of her attire.

She had donned, over her street dress, a simple leather garment which enveloped her completely and buttoned tight round wrists and ankles. Her small hat, too, had been replaced by a leather helmet cap which left only her eyes, nose, mouth and chin exposed, and even these were soon to be hidden by a heavy veil for protection against splattering oil.

"Mademoiselle is not nervous—eh?" Ducroy inquired politely.

"Why should I be, monsieur?"

"I trust mademoiselle will permit me to commend her courage. Pardon! I have one last word for the ear of Captain Vaquelin."

Lifting his hat, the Frenchman joined the group near the machine.

Lanyard stared unaffectedly at the girl's face, unable to disguise his wonder at the high spirits advertised by her rekindled color and brilliant eyes.

"Well," she demanded gayly. "Don't tell me I don't look like a fighter! I know I do!"

"I don't tell you how you look to me," Lanyard replied soberly. "But I will say this, that for sheer, downright pluck, you—"

"Thank you, monsieur! And you?"

He glanced with a deprecatory smile at the flimsy-looking confitance to

which they were presently to trust their lives.

"Somehow," said he doubtfully, "I don't feel in the least upset or exhilarated. It seems little out of the average run of life—all in the day's work."

"I think," she replied, "that you're very like the other lone wolf, the fictitious one—Lupin, you know—a bit of a humbug. If you're not nervous, why keep staring, hither and yon—as if you were rather expecting somebody—as if you wouldn't be surprised to see Popinot or De Morbihan pop out of the ground—or Ekstrom?"

"Hum!" he said gravely. "I don't mind telling you now, that precisely what I am afraid of."

"Nonsense!" the girl cried in open contempt. "What could they do?"

"Please don't ask me," Lanyard begged seriously. "I might try to tell you."

"But don't worry, please!" Fugitive! her hand touched his arm. "We're ready."

It was true enough. Ducroy was moving toward them again.

"All is prepared!" he announced in sonorous accents.

In a sober silence they approached the machine.

Vaquelin kept himself aloof while Lanyard and a young officer helped the first to mount on the right of the pilot's seat and strapped her in. When the adventurer had been similarly secured in the place on the left, the two sat, impaled, some six feet above the ground.

Lanyard found his perch comfortable enough. A broad band of webbing furnished support for his back, another crossed his chest by way of provision against forward pitching, there were rests for his feet, and cloth-bound grips fixed to struts on either side for his hands.

He smiled at a fussy across the empty seat, and was surprised at the clearness with which her answering smile was visible. But he wasn't to see it again for a long and weary time; almost immediately she began to adjust her veil.

The morning had grown much lighter within the last few minutes.

A wait ensued of seemingly interminable duration. A swarm of mechanics, assistants and military aviators buzzed round their feet like bees.

The sky was now pale to the eastern horizon. A fleet of heavy clouds was drifting off toward the south, leaving in their wake—thin veil of mist that bade fair soon to disappear before the rays of the sun. The atmosphere seemed tolerably clear and not unseasonably cold.

The light grew stronger still—features of distant objects defined themselves; traces of color warmed the winter landscape.

After some time their pilot, wearing his wind-mask, appeared and began to climb to his perch. With a cool nod for Lanyard and a civil bow to his woman passenger he settled himself, adjusted several levers and flitted a spy hand to his brother-officers.

There was a warning cry from the rear. The crowd dropped back rapidly to either side. Ducroy lifted his hat in parting salute, cried "Bon voyage!" and settled clear like a startled rooster before a motor car. Thereupon the motor and propeller broke loose with a mighty roar comparable only, in Lanyard's fancy, to the chant of ten thousand riveting locusts.

He felt momentarily, as if his typewriter must burst with the incessant and tremendous concussion registered upon them; but presently this sensation passed, leaving him with that of permanent deafness.

Before he could recover and regain control of his startled wits the aviator had grasped a lever and the great biplane was in motion.

It swept down the field like a frightened swan, and the wheels of its chassis, registering every infinitesimal irregularity in the surface of the ground, magnified them all a hundredfold. It was like riding in a tumble driven at top speed over the Ghent Causeway. Lanyard was shaken violently to the very marrow of his bones; he believed that even his eyes must be rattling in their sockets.

Then the Parrott began to ascend. Singularly enough, this change was marked at first by no more than a slight lessening of the vibration; the machine seemed still to be dashing over a cobble thoroughfare at break-

neck speed; and Lanyard found it difficult to appreciate that they were aloft, even when he looked down and discovered a hundred feet of space between himself and the practice field.

In another breath they were soaring over housetops.

Momentarily, now, the shocks became less frequent. And presently they ceased almost altogether, to be repeated only at rare intervals, when the drift of air opposing the planes developed irregularities in its velocity. There succeeded, in contrast, the sublimest peace; even the roaring of the propeller dwindled to the negligible status of a sustained drone; the Parrott seemed to float without an effort upon a vast, still sea, flayed only occasionally by inconspicuous ripples.

Still rising, they surprised the earliest rays of the sun; and in their virgin light the aeroplane was transformed into a thing of rosiest gold.

Continually the air buffeted their faces like a flood of icy water.

Below, the scroll of the world unrolled like some vast and intricately

"What is it?" he screamed to the other in futile effort to lift his voice above the din.

But the Frenchman understood, and responded with a sweep of his arm toward the horizon ahead. And seeing nothing but cloud in the quarter indicated, Lanyard began to grasp the nature of a phenomenon which, from the first, had been vaguely troubling him. The reason why he had been able to perceive no real rim to the world was that the earth was all astern from the heavy rains of the last week; all the more remote distances were veiled with rising vapor. And now they were approaching the coast, to which, it seemed, the mists clung closest; for all the world before them slept beneath a blanket of dark gray.

"Nor was it difficult now to understand why the aviator was ill at ease facing the prospect of navigating in a channel fog.

Several minutes later he started Lanyard with another peremptory touch on his arm, followed by a significant glance over his shoulder.

Lanyard turned hastily.

Behind them, at a distance which he calculated roughly as two miles, the silhouette of a monoplane lunged against the brilliant firmament, resembling a solitary, soaring gull than any man with its single spread of wings, more distant mechanism.

Only an infrequent and almost imperceptible shifting of the wings proved that it was moving.

He watched it for several seconds, in deepening perplexity finding it impossible to guess whether the monoplane were gaining or losing in that long chase or who might be its pilot.

Yet Lanyard entertained little doubt that the pursuing machine had risen from the aerodrome of Count Henry de Morbihan at St. Germain-en-Laye; that it was nothing less, in fact, than De Morbihan's Valkyr monoplane, reputed the fastest in Europe and winner of a dozen international events; and that it was guided, if not by De Morbihan himself, by one of the creatures of the Pack—quite possibly, even more probably, by Ekstrom!

But assuming all this—what evil could such pursuit portend? In what conceivable manner could the following pilot reckon to profit himself by overtaking or distancing the Parrott?

He couldn't hinder the escape of Lanyard and Lucy Shannon to England in any way, by any means reasonably to be imagined.

Was this simply one more move to keep Lanyard under espionage? But that might more readily have been accomplished by telegraphing or telephoning the Pack's confederates, Wertheimer's associates in the English capital!

What else could the Pack have in mind?

Lanyard gave it up, admitting his inability to trump up any sane excuse for such conduct; but the riddle continued to fret his mind.

From the first, from that moment when Lucy's disappearance had required postponement of this flight, he had apprehended trouble; it hadn't seemed reasonable to hope that the Parrott could be held in waiting on his orders for many days without the secret leaking out; but it was trouble to develop before the start from Port Aviation—that he had anticipated. The possibility that the Pack would be able to work any mischief to him after that had never entered his calculations. Even now he found it difficult to give it serious consideration.

Again he glanced back. Now, in his judgment, the monoplane loomed larger than before against the glowing sky, indicating that it was overtaking them.

Beneath his breath Lanyard swore from a heart brimming with disquiet.

The Parrott was capable of a speed of eighty miles an hour; and unquestionably Vaquelin was wheeling every ounce of power out of that willing motor. Since drawing Lanyard's attention to the pursuer he had continued an appreciable acceleration.

But would even that pace serve to hold the Valkyr in its place, if not to distance it?

His next backward look reckoned the monoplane no nearer.

And another thirty minutes or so elapsed without the relative positions of the two flying machines undergoing any perceptible change.

In the course of this period the Parrott rose to an altitude, indicated by the barograph at Lanyard's elbow, of over half a mile. Below the channel fog spread itself out like a sea of milk, slowly churning.

Staring down in fascination, Lanyard told himself gravely:

"Blue water below that, my friend!"

It seemed difficult to credit the fact that they had covered the distance from Paris in so short a period of time.

By his reckoning—a very crude one—the Parrott was then somewhere off Dieppe—it ought to pick up England, in such case, not far from Brighton. If one could only see!

By bending forward a little and staring past the aviator Lanyard could catch a glimpse of Lucy Shannon.

Though all her beauty and grace of person were lost in the clumsy swaddings of her makeshift costume, she seemed to be resting comfortably in her place, and the rushing air, keen with the chill of that great altitude, not only cooled her wind-puff, precisely to the exquisite contours of her face, but stung her firm cheeks until they glowed with a rare fire that even that thick, dark mesh enshrouding them could not wholly quench.

The sun crept above the floor of mist, played upon it with iridescent rays, shot it through and through with a warm, pulsating glow like that of a fireopal, and suddenly turned it to a sea of fairy gold that, extending to the horizon, baffled every effort to surmise their position, whether they were above land or sea!

None the less, Lanyard's rough and rapid calculations persuaded him that they were then about mid-channel.

He had no more than arrived at this conclusion when a sharp, startled movement that rocked the plane drew his attention to the man at his side.

Glancing in alarm at the aviator's face, he saw that it was as white as marble—what little of it was visible beyond and beneath the wind-mask,

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 17-1916.



Lanyard Fought Blindly, Madly, Viciously.

STRANGE FASHION FREAKS

Women's Styles Follow Stage Fads or National Costumes—Garter-Helped One Young Lady.

In nine cases out of ten fashions are born, not in the streets, but on the stage. It would seem that the short, full skirts which are now in vogue originated with the Russian ballet, which has been so popular of late in the same way as the tight skirts followed the craze for oriental plays and dances. Following up the Russian influence, the Paris fashion experts introduced the Cossack coat and high Cossack boots.

Dress experts keep changing the fashions, as it were, in self-defense. At one time elaborately worked, and hand-embroidered blouses were the vogue. Then machines were so perfected that machine-embroidered blouses outvalued the hand work, and fashion experts retaliated by designing blouses as plain as they could be made.

The fashion for uncurled feathers was the result of a wet day. Curled ostrich feathers were on every hat, when, at some fashionable function, the rain descended in torrents and every feather was soon absolutely

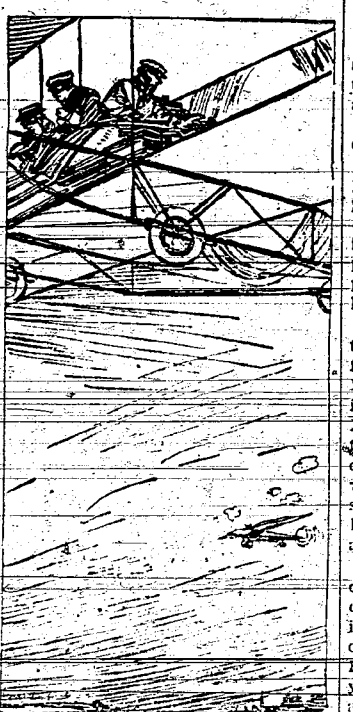
straight. Milliners, always alert for an idea, were struck with the appearance of these feathers, and uncurled ostrich plumes became the demand.

The fashion for wearing ribbons intermingled with curls piled on the top of the head originated in the reign of Louis XIV of France. A certain Mlle. Fontange was out hunting with the king and court, when a branch of a tree caught her hair and pulled it down. With quick resourcefulness, she leaned down, pulled off her ribbon garter, and twisted up her hair with it. The king, noticing the pretty effect, complimented her on her charming coiffure, and from that moment the "fontange," as it was termed, became the rage.

It cannot be denied that most of the more extreme fashions originate with the stage, but the most lasting fashions are due to royalty. The vogue for black and white, which has not yet died out, was the result of the death of King Edward.

Drought Affects Ostrich Feathers.

Largely because of the great drought in Africa, the supply of ostrich feathers is smaller in quantity and inferior in grade.



It Was Nothing Less Than De Morbihan's Valkyr Monoplane.

Illuminated missile, or like some strange missile, marvellously minute. Lanyard could see the dial of the compass, fixed to a strut on the pilot's left. By that telltale their course lay nearly due northeast. Already the westerly roofs of Paris were in sight to the right, the Eiffel tower soaring from them like a fairy pillar of fine gold-face-work. The seine looping the cluttered area like a sleek brown snake.

Versailles broke the horizon to port and slipped astern. Paris closed up, telescoped its panorama, became a mere blur, a smoky smudge.

But it was long before the distance eclipsed that admonitory finger of the Eiffel.

Vaquelin manipulating the levers, the plane tilted its nose and swam higher and yet higher. The song of the motor dropped an octave to a richer tone. The speed was sensibly increased.

Lanyard contemplated with untamed wonder the fact of his equanimity—there seemed nothing at all strange in this extraordinary experience. He was by no means excited, remained merely deeply interested, and he could detect in his physical sensations no trace of that qualmish dread he had always associated with high places—the sense he now experienced of security, of solidity, even afterward remained wholly unaccountable in his understanding.

Of a sudden, surprised by a touch on his arm, he turned to meet through the mica windows of the wind-mask the eyes of the aviator, informed with an expression of importunate doubt, quite illegible. Assailed by sickening fear, lost something was going wrong with the machine, Lanyard shook his head to indicate want of comprehension. Then, with an impatient gesture, the aviator pointed downward.

"Appreciating the fact that speech was impossible, Lanyard clutched the struts and bent forward. But the pace was now so fast and their elevation so great that the landscape swimming beneath his vision was no more than a brownish plain fugitively maculated with blobs of contrasting color.

He looked up blankly, but only to be treated to the same gesture.

Piqued, he concentrated attention more closely upon the flat, streaming landscape. And suddenly he recognized something oddly familiar in the bend of the Seine that was approaching.

"St. Germain-en-Laye!" he exclaimed with a start of alarm.

This was the danger point.

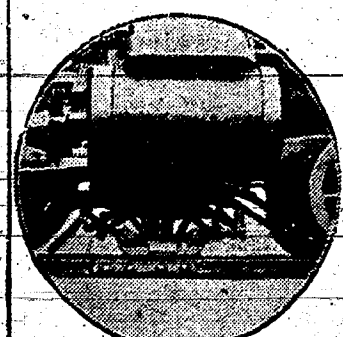
"And over there," he reminded himself—"to the left—that wide field with a queer white thing in the middle that looks like a winged grub—that must be De Morbihan's aerodrome and his Valkyr monoplane! Are they bringing it out? Is that what Vaquelin means? And if so—what of it? I don't see."

A sudden doubt and wonder chilled the adventurer.

Temporarily, Vaquelin returned entire attention to the management of the biplane. The wind was now blowing more fully, creating pockets—those "holes in the air" so dreaded by cloud-pilots—and in gust of a more constant resistance the aviator was swinging his craft in a wide northerly curve, climbing ever higher and more high.

The earth soon lost all semblance of design, even the twisted silver wires of the Seine vanished far on the left; remained only the effect of firm suspension in that high, blue vault, of a continuous flow of ice water on the face, together with the tuneless chant of the motor.

After some forty minutes more of this—it may have been an hour, for time was then an incalculable thing—Lanyard, in a mood of abnormal sensitiveness, began to divine some little disquiet in the mind of the aviator, and stared until he caught his eye.



The two rails of a track are used as wires for telephoning to moving trains—in the circle is shown the shoe by which the connection is made from rail to locomotive.

BETWEEN FAST TRAINS

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION IS MADE AN EASY MATTER.

Rails of the Track Used as Part of the Conducting Medium—Plan Is Simple, Though of Much Importance.

By means of the moving train telephone invented by A. A. Macfarlane, communication between fast moving trains may now be possible. Communication has actually been held between the experimental station and New York city. In this experiment the rails of the track were used for part of the conducting medium.

On a sidetrack near the Little town of Bridesburg, Pa., experimental work has been carried on with a steel freight car. At one end of the section of track used, a two-volt battery is connected, at the other end a signaling and telephoning device is located between the tracks. The equipment consisted of a "puzzle" box and copper shoes that pick up currents from the rails. The nature and contents of this box are not being given out at present on account of some patents pending. The inventor states that what the device accomplishes is made possible, however, by his furnishing to the current a path of least resistance. Within this device, currents would follow the track rails through the wheels and axles and jump to the other rail and produce a short circuit. The current simply avoids its natural outlet, follows the track until it reaches the box and shoes, where it is picked up and taken aboard the train.

Telephoning between moving trains is but a part of the importance of the invention. The real object is to produce a signaling system that will bring the danger and clear signals into the cab of the engineer. An automatic brake has also been added and tested on an engine. The device will light colored lights in the cab of the engine, as well as furnish an automatically operated block for approaching trains. Into each block current will be furnished by batteries along the track. When a train is in this block, it will short-circuit the current, so that a train approaching will be automatically stopped by the brake device operated in connection with the system.

In the telephone system it will be necessary to have batteries along the track, and by the use of the shoes and box device with which the train will be equipped current will be furnished it. Then the telephone can be operated, and connection can be had through the main wires along the track, the current being carried out at the ends of the blocks. By this system, the inventor claims a moving train can be in communication with any telephone in the country. Popular Science Monthly.

Locomotive Fuel.

W. W. Rittman of the bureau of mines in a recent article, objects to locomotives using petroleum as fuel, because "every day there goes up in smoke the gasoline of another generation." What would he have the locomotives burn? If they use coal the coal of "another generation goes up in smoke," and the same statement is true if they use wood or coke, or electricity generated at power plants. Perhaps the saving of these other articles may be as beneficial as the conservation of petroleum. Oil City Derrick.

Money From Scrap Material.

In 1914 the scrap material sold by the Pennsylvania Railroad company brought in \$2,157,241.24 or \$1,000,000 less than in 1913. Waste paper alone sold for \$10,511. Oil barrels for \$22,439 and off-sorts for \$15,222. Locomotives and wooden passenger cars sold for \$114,282. Other odds and ends brought in \$121,992. Old wheels, metals and wrought iron yielded more than \$789,000.

Definition of Salt.

Rev. Father John Cavanaugh, head of Notre Dame, was discussing with some friends the definition of various words and the difficulty in finding their synonyms.

"All this talk reminds me of a schoolboy's definition of salt," said the priest. "He was asked to define salt. He pondered a moment and then said: 'Salt is something that makes your potatoes taste funny when there ain't any on 'em.'"

Effect of Sandstorms Minimized.

The French railroad in the Sahara has built locomotives and cars specially designed for passage through sand storms to offer a minimum of resistance to the metal-cutting sand.

The Center of Her Interest.

"What do you find so interesting in that magazine?" "There are a lot of advertisements about awfully nice underwear."

His Ability.

A man's wife seldom gives him credit for being able to decide for himself after he has decided as to her.

Appreciation.

If courtesy were expensive more people might be inclined to regard it as a good thing.



GOOD ADVICE FOR CHILDREN

Observance of Simple Regulations Will Do Much to Lessen the Long Chapter of Accidents.

More than a thousand children under fourteen years of age, and more than fifteen hundred between fourteen and twenty-one, are killed every year, and as many more are injured in the United States by the following causes:

By using railroad track and yards as "short-cuts" instead of using sidewalks and streets.

By crawling under or going around crossing gates that have been lowered.

By running across tracks against the stop signal of crossing watchmen.

By running across tracks just after a train has passed without waiting to see if another train is approaching on other track.

By standing too close to moving trains.

By "catching on" moving trains, cars or engines to "steal a ride."

By crawling under, climbing between or going over cars that are standing across streets or sidewalks.

By playing underneath, on top or around, cars standing on side tracks.

By boys chasing other boys in the direction of railroad tracks or trains.

By doing something dangerous, because you were "dared" to do it.

These accidents will be avoided if you will "Stop, Look and Listen" before crossing railroad tracks or yards and never play around trains or cars.

From the Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine.

Searchlight Signal.

The more I read of railroad accidents and the precautions against them, especially rear-end accidents, the more am I convinced that my proposition made in print several years ago is worth the consideration of railroad managers. writes a correspondent of the New York Times. This proposition was that every train should carry a searchlight somewhere on top of the train, with its rays shooting upward.

Such a light, and it need not be a very strong one, would always mark the location of a train, either at rest or in motion, and could be seen under conditions not possible to lights as now used on a level with trains. At night and in heavy weather such a light would be a sure mark always, and even on clear days it could be seen at a safe distance, if not as far away as at night or in foggy weather. The application would not be difficult, nor would the cost be great. Engineers discussed it a little at first, but it was soon dropped, because, I suppose, there was not sufficient power behind the idea to push it. Maybe before the twentieth century ends it will be adopted.

Do Without March.

In Mark Twain's epic of boyhood Tom Sawyer sighs, "Oh, if I could only die temporarily!" On that convenient arrangement most of us would elect to have our temporary deaths fall in the month of March.

March is neither fish nor grass; it is neither fish nor flesh, nor good nor herding. When it ought to rain it snows; when it ought to snow it thaws. Where a road should be, it is a muddy slough of despond. Where the sky should be, it is a tin-colored sheet of metal, or a host of colored belches sleet and icy wind, says Boston Globe. Why not a bill in the legislature to abolish it?

Spending It All.

Of Booth Tarkington the anecdotes are legion—almost as numerous as they are about O. Henry. It remained, however, for Jesse Lynch Williams to tell this story in connection with his comment on Tarkington's ever ready repartee.

"After 'The Gentleman From Indiana' had made his hit," he says, "and Mansfield had put on 'Beaucaire,' and that made a hit, I said to him one day, 'Now, I hope you're going to stay in New York for a while.'"

"His reply was a most charming satire upon himself: 'Oh, I'll stay here till I get it all nicely spent.'"

Was It War or Tennis?

No more can it be said that English people do not know that war is raging somewhere on the continent. Two girls going to work the other morning discussed the prospect of tennis this year—probably by way of contrast to the arctic weather.

"There will be no one to play with all the men being away," said one. The other acquiesced, and added: "It is too horrible to think about." We hope that she referred to the war, and not to the Adams state of the tennis courts, as her observation indicated. London Globe.

Eccentricity.

"Curious chap, that man Hanson."

"In what way?"

"You know he went to live in New York about six months ago."

"Yes."

"Well, he's been back here three days now, and I haven't heard him say a word about the emptiness of life in the provinces."

It Depends.

Whether money can buy happiness or not depends entirely upon the conscience that goes with it.

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS IN FAR OFF NORTHLAND.

ITEMS FROM THE OLD HOME

Resume of the Most Important Events in Sweden, Norway and Denmark—Of Interest to the Scandinavians in America.

DENMARK.

One of the queer men of Horsens died under peculiar conditions. Many years ago he kept a store, and he was supposed to have saved about \$65,000. After he quit this business he rented a small room on the second floor of a building on the main street of the city. In spite of his wealth he lived like a typical miser. This filthy, repulsive person was known by everybody in town. His garments were ragged, his hat was full of holes. He finally became so extremely objectionable that the executive committee of the trades union of the city decided to shut him out of its reading room, where he had been in the habit of studying the quotations and reports of the exchange. He paid a city tax of about \$475. He did not hide his money, as some misers do in the old countries, but he invested it in stocks, so that he had the joy of knowing that he became richer every day. A few days ago he was found in the coal box outside of his room. He was taken to the hospital, but was so far gone that he soon died. The physicians claimed that he died of undernourishment. For many years he lived militarily on rolls and buttermilk. His heirs are three brothers.

Heavy fines have been imposed upon Danish merchants who have violated the embargo against the Danes.

The industrial council of the French and British governments that goods imported from those countries should not be re-exported to any country with which the allies are at war. In several cases the fines have caused bankruptcy. In the Riksdag Premier Zahle proposed prison sentences for persons violating the guaranty.

Mikkel Sondergaard, a farmer at Ektrup, recently sold a fat beef cow for \$250. He bought her seven or eight years ago, paying about \$75 for her.

British warships operating in the Pacific have captured the Danish steamer Zealandia, laden with nitrate of copper.

The government has prohibited the exportation of copper-board flooring as well as the raw material out of which this is made.

Men who are cutting heather for the export trade are making as much as \$3.75 a day.

SWEDEN.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer of Central Asia, writes:

"At the beginning of the war England announced that she must take arms, not only in fulfillment of the duties assumed in treaties, but also to defend and rescue invaded Belgium. England undertook the beautiful and noble role of defender of the small nations. Sweden is one of the small nations that enjoy this high protection. And what are the advantages which we owe so far to this protection?"

Various breaches of our neutrality in Swedish territory, the confiscation of Swedish mails to and from America, as well as Christmas packages from Swedish-Americans to poor relations in Sweden; the delay of Swedish telegrams to America, and, finally, an importunate and innumerable supervision of our importation of foodstuffs.

We are set on definite rations and are not allowed to import more of the necessary goods than we need to guard us from hunger. Although we are a neutral state, we are hindered in our peaceful trade with other neutral states. Denmark and Norway suffer even more.

The distress among the stonecutters of Bohus län is said to be very great. "Whole communities," says a newspaper, "are reduced to poverty, and are living at or even below the level of starvation."

The Swedish riksdag passed the army bill, appropriating \$28,000,000, which is to be devoted chiefly to increasing the movable artillery and developing the flying corps.

If there is no serious hitch in the calculations the city of Gothenburg will soon have an automobile factory. The Hessel Stock company is preparing plans for which large grounds have been selected at Stampen.

The press of Sweden protests unanimously against the British order-in-council canceling adherence to certain sections of the declaration of London which make distinctions between the treatment of absolute and conditional contraband," says the Overseas News Agency. "These newspapers state that as a matter of fact, Great Britain previously had hardly adhered to the principles of the declaration. The Tidningen of Stockholm says the situation is serious, and calls for a united Swedish policy to protect the nation's rights."

A deputation of 75 men representing the temperance people of Sweden called on the king, the cabinet and the rising star of the purpose of urging upon those authorities the importance of checking the evils of intemperance. The king made a speech, but his language was rather evasive. He paid a high tribute, however, to the temperance people for what they had done for the Swedish people, and his closing remarks were: "My best wishes follow all of you when you return to your homes in the different parts of the country."

Industrial development in the Scandinavian countries has resulted in checking emigration from Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Within the last 20 years the Scandinavian countries, through the more extensive use of water power, nearly trebled the horsepower used in their industries. As a consequence the growing demand for laborers was considerably greater than the increase in population. It is safe to assert that for a long time after the war the Scandinavian industries will be kept busy with orders from former belligerents, who, especially during the first period of reconstruction following the conclusion of peace, will be in need of all the help they can get from the Scandinavian industries.

The water power utilized in the industries of Sweden at the beginning of this year aggregated \$85,000 horsepower. The power stations in the process of construction will add \$5,000 horsepower.

The municipal woodyard of Stockholm disposed of 30,000 sacks of wood in less than two months last winter.

Brämwell Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, is expected to visit Stockholm next summer.

The Swedish government has opened subscriptions for an internal loan of about \$17,000,000, bearing 5 per cent interest. The price of the loan is fixed at \$8. Swedish financial experts declare that the response to the invitation for subscriptions on these terms indicates that the government's credit is on a par with that of any country in the world.

NORWAY.

A moose that was pursued by a dog ran out on the Rindsfjord, but soon fell down on the slippery ice and could not rise again. The dog was called away and some men went out to help the animal to get on his legs again. They did not succeed in this, though the moose had some trouble to permit himself to be handled as though he had been tame all his life. Then the men got a horse and sled and managed to take the moose to the shore. The men expected that as soon as he felt safe and sure ground under his feet he would run away. But he did not. He remained standing until the sheriff, who was just coming to the place, had time to give him a friendly pat to say goodbye, and then the moose stalked away into the woods.

The price of building material is so high that those who are interested in the building trades appointed a committee to propose some remedy. Before taking any steps, the committee turned to the government for aid. On account of abnormally high prices, there is not enough lumber for rebuilding the burned cities, Bergen and Molde, and brick will cost 100 per cent more than last year, if it can be had at all.

The battered Norwegian ship Svaland, dismantled February 29 in a gale off Sable Island, was brought into port by the United States coast guard cutter Slocum after an exciting tour of 400 miles. Only the foremast and the stem of the lower fore-mast of the big ship were standing. Five of her crew were slightly injured by falling spars. She was bound in ballast from Liverpool for New York.

Most of the stone and brick walls left standing in the burned district of Bergen have been torn down, and it is said that all of them will have to go in the course of time, though temporary quarters have been prepared in some of them. About 140 barracks have been put up in the burned district, the smallest being thirteen feet square and the largest twenty-six feet square.

Mrs. Kristine Andersen of Tiste-dalen was one hundred and three years old the 18th of March. She looks remarkably well for her age, but her hearing and eyesight are poor, and she stays in bed most of the time. Her memory is good, and her mind is wide awake. She has had thirteen children, and the number of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren is very large.

Gilbert Murray, an Englishman, was not permitted to give a public lecture on the war in Stockholm—but Murray and Germans and Frenchmen are permitted to talk war or anything in the Norwegian capital.

Mr. Syrtstad, a watchmaker at Stenker, has made an alarm clock for the wireless station at Stavanger. It has 48 different alarm apparatuses, which may serve in so many different rooms.

An organ grinder who died at the Drammen hospital was supposed to be without means. But after his death it was found that he had left a fortune of \$6,000. A number of people have suddenly hopped up, claiming to be his heirs.

Even Norway has a mild type of "hypnotism." They are the descendants of people who have immigrated into the country within the past two or three hundred years. In the politics of the day they will be found on the side of those who wish to retain the state church, the Norwegian-Danish book language, and the liquor traffic.

The government is ready to propose the electrification of the Drammen railway. The power is to be obtained from the Hagalid falls, in Hallingdal.

Ninety-six Norwegian ships have been lost during the war through submarines or mines, according to a newspaper statement published here. It has been established, says the statement, that 20 Norwegian steamers have been destroyed by German submarines, 77 Norwegian subjects there by losing their lives.

At Vingen, Trostad, is a cow that has given birth to twins seven times in succession, making fourteen calves in less than seven years. This cow is supposed to hold the world's record.

The American Christian and the Times in Which We Live

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled, for these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom.—Matthew 24: 6, 7.

Never within the memory of our living man did these words of our Savior and such fulfillment as today. Where there is no actual war there is rumor of it. Already more than a dozen nations, and among them the greatest in the eastern hemisphere, are in conflict, while two or three more are on the verge of it.

But it is the conditions in our land that most deeply occupy our thoughts. No matter what our politics, we will not affirm that our chief magistrate is a mere alarmist; and therefore when he makes such speeches and utters such warnings as occupied him for a time last winter, it is difficult to believe that our peace is not seriously imperiled.

What Is Our Christian Duty?

What is the duty of the American Christian in such times? Of course we have in mind the Christian citizen who has a duty and responsibility to the state and to God not shared by others, however sympathetic they may be.

His first duty is to become intelligent as to what the situation is. How vast is the scope of his investigation? Should we interfere in Mexico? Do our relations with any of the other foreign countries demand that we should prepare for war? And are we prepared for war, as some say? And last but not least, are we prepared to provoke war? These are not speculative questions, but stern realities. They are not worldly, there is a sense in which they are very close to the center of our religious life. Good men are considering them, there is earnest difference of opinion about them, and sooner or later we must cast our influence one way or the other. This must be done in the light of God's Word as we understand it; and it must be done, not merely with the thought of results in the present time, but in that day when we must give account to God for the deeds done in the body.

His next duty is to exercise the rights and privileges, may, the sacred obligations, of a citizen. Humanly speaking, ours is a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," and we cannot waive the responsibilities it entails without inviting disaster. We have a responsibility to express our opinions if we possess any. The press is open to many, the use of the pen in private correspondence, and, thank God, speech is still free. Not in anger should we discuss these questions, not in the spirit of partisanship, not to foment strife or to make a breach between men, but as Christians who wish their country to be right and to please God, we should bear our testimony when occasion serves.

And then there is the sacred right of franchise at the primary as well as the general election.

The Lack of Prayer.

3. This brings us to his chief duty, that of prayer. Real, intelligent, spirit-energized prayer for our land and its rulers is not common even in our pulpits, outside of the liturgical churches, at least, and is still less common at the weekly prayer meeting. And inasmuch as the family altar has so fallen into neglect one wonders how much prayer is offered anywhere, and by anyone? And yet the home, the church and the school of all places in the world, these where the highest and best of our nation are to be kept in view?

One could not but be struck by a remark of Admiral Beatty of the British navy, who, in addressing a communication to a London society some months ago, said: "In his opinion, the present war would not be brought to an end, and his country come off victorious, until the latter was stirred by a general revival. He is not the only leader in that nation who believes her present afflictions are in some sense a judgment upon her for sin. And how truly may the same be said for any or all of the other nations now engaged in war?"

General Grant in his "Memoirs" declares that our Civil war was a judgment upon us for our previous conduct toward Mexico. God punishes nations as he does individuals, only they must get all that is coming to them now, while individuals may have the worst of theirs in the time to come.

And yet the punishment of nations is that of the individuals who compose them, hence it is the most practical and moving reason why Christians of the United States should beseech the Lord not only to keep us out of war, but out of that sin which must bring war.

The Comfort in the Text.

But there is comfort in the text—"See that ye be not troubled." This belongs to the sincere disciple of Jesus Christ. There is such a thing for him as being in the trouble and yet not of it. He cannot but experience sorrow, and loss and pain, but there are compensations for him that the world knows nothing of.

And then that "end" of which the Savior speaks! Before it comes, his him will come to his redeemed people, who will be caught up to meet him in the air. Oh, it is a blessed thing to be a Christian, and now is the comfort greater than in such times as these.

Illustration of a man in a suit, looking thoughtful, with his hand on his chin.

How to avoid Operations

These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.

Marionette, Wis.—"I went to the doctor and he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again."—Mrs. Fred Bencke, Marionette, Wis.

Detroit, Mich.—"When I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me and today I am able to do all my work and am well."—Mrs. Thos. Dwyer, 959 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Bellevue, Pa.—"I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am picking up in weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."—Miss Irene Froelicher, 1923 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Getting Rid of Them.

First Alpine Tourist: I say, Will, are your aches?

Second Alpine Tourist: Asleep? No, I should think not! Think it how they bite!

First Tourist: Try my dodge. Light your pipe, and blow a cloud under the clothes! They let go directly. There's a lot perched on the feather of my bed now—coughing like mad!

Limited.

Mrs. Mayer: I suppose you trust your husband implicitly?

Mrs. Gyer: Yes—to a certain extent.

AILING WOMEN NEED THIS FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

Thousands of women who are now blessed with robust health cannot understand why thousands of other women continue to worry and suffer from ailments peculiar to women when they can obtain for a trifling sum Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which will surely and quickly banish all pain, distress and misery and restore the womanly functions to health.

This prescription of Dr. Pierce's extracted from roots and herbs is a temperance remedy.

To get rid of irregularities, or catarrhal condition, to avoid pain at certain times, to overcome irritability and weakness, waste no time, but get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in package. Full treatment 50c. All liquid or tablet form this very day.

WE PAY CASH FOR MEDICINAL ROOTS, HERBS, LEAVES, BARKS, ETC.

We buy over two hundred different kinds of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Leaves, Barks, Seeds, Flowers, Etc., for which we pay cash on arrival.

We make a specialty of Ginseng, Golden Seal Root, Snake Snake Root, Star Root, Star Grass Root, Bellwort, Etc. We pay top cash prices.

If you want to live up with a progressive, growing, honest, up-to-date concern who will handle your goods right, who will keep you well posted on market conditions, write us for our price list, shipping tags, and full information.

H. R. LATHROP & CO., Inc.

1512-114-116 Beekman Street, Established 1910, New York City, N. Y.

104 Water Street.

What He Wanted to Know.

"Where do you intend to spend the summer?"

"I'm going to find some nice quiet place in the country, where you are not required to dress elaborately, where the food is simple and wholesome, and abundant and the expense moderate."

"What I wanted to know is where you are going. I don't care anything about your pleasant dreams."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Don't count your chickens before they are big enough to bluff the cat.

Only a fool-goose would tackle the golden-egg business.

Souvenirs.

"Did your wife believe your story about being called away to Boston on business?"

"Well, she was inclined to doubt it at first, but when I produced the loaf of Boston brown bread and the can of baked beans I brought at the delicatessen store on my way home she believed every word I told her."

On With the Dance.

"I could do dancing with you," said Jones' partner as she placed her No. 11 on his corn-amplified tribly.

